THE SEA OF PEACE.

BY LUTH M'ENERY STUART.

I stand above a white-rimmed sea:
  Its deeps are mine, its mirrored height;
Mine its low plaint of mystery:
  All mine its glee-song of delight

Mine its strong soul; its body mine;
  I lave me in its kind embrace;
In dreams upon its buoyant brine
  It gives me back a cherished face.

Mayhap it helps me understand
  I am bevond all power to hurt;
No more I shrink from sorrow's lance,
  So with all strength am I begirt.

I've tasted every bitter sup:
  Earth's bulwarks all are proven frail;
Yet sweetened now is life's low cup,
  All hallowed: 'tis my Holy Grail.

Above its wrecks of ships and men
  The placid ocean shows no scars;
Above my deeps where storms have been
  My tranquil soul reflects the stars.

—From the Century Magazine.

BETWEEN WIND AND WATER

By Frank Lillie Pollock.

Skating had been a wholly satisfactory winter amusement for Leonard MacArthur till late in the fall of 1899, when he came upon an illustrated magazine article describing ice sports on the Hudson, and became fired with the ambition to construct an ice-boat—a totally unknown sort of craft in that western Ontario village. He had not much money, but there were plenty of rough materials at hand, and he was used to tools.

But an ice-boat is a more complicated machine than it appears to be, and it is not easy for a sixteen-year-old boy to build one without a model, so that it was only after a great many mistakes and failures that Leonard finally produced a contrivance which, although it might not have passed muster at a metropolitan regatta, he yet regarded with considerable satisfaction, and christened the Icicle.

It was cutter-rigged, and the hull was of the regular cross-shaped pattern, but the rigging was of clothesline, and the runners were made of old skate blades, with the rudder skate ground to an edge. Nevertheless, after Leonard had learned, at the risk of his neck, to manoeuver it, it sailed better than it looked, and he took great delight in tacking about the surface of the big mill-pond, till the deep snows of January put an end to skating and ice-boating alike.

Later in the winter the ice was repeatedly flooded and refrozen, so that during most of March there was a clear surface. But early in April it was evident that this was doomed.

On the morning of the fifth there was a strong warm wind blowing from the west, and a decisive spring thaw was in the air. A warm air might break up the ice almost in a night, and all the forenoon the pond was covered with skaters, anxious to take advantage of the last of the ice. But by noon most of these were driven off by the wind. By three o'clock a gale was blowing, which increased rather than lessened toward evening, and a little soft snow came with it that presaged rain on the morrow.

In every four or five miles along the river there is a village, and at every village the river is dammed to furnish power for small grist mills or sawmills. The grist mill at Grafton was owned by Leonard's father, and just at this season it was running night and day, for the farmers for miles round were hastening to bring in their wheat before the sleighing should disappear.

Owing to the pressure of work, Leonard had had no time for iceboating that day, but late in the afternoon it came in the way of business. The mill was running short of flour sacks. They were required at once; there was no time to procure them from the city, and it was decided to send to the mill at Incherly and endeavor to procure "blank ones"—that is, sacks unstenciled with the name of the mill.

Incherly was four miles away in a bee-line, and more than five by either the river or the road, but Leonard knew that the Icicle could cover the distance in fifteen or twenty minutes at most. The wind blew almost squarely at right angles to the general course of the river, and would serve equally well for going and returning; but as Leonard had been all day within the mill, he had not quite realized its force.

When he hauled the boat from the basement of the mill and out upon the ice, however, he had a momentary doubt as to the safety of the projected voyage. The wind strained the rigging taut as wires before the sails were hoisted, but reassuring himself, he unfurled the canvas and reefed it to the smallest possible area, pushed out from the shore and the boat began to whir up the ice.

Leonard had altogether underestimated the force of the gale; he had never sailed before in such weather, and even under the scrap of canvas traversed the mile-long pond faster than ever before in his life.

From this point the river swept in long serpentine curves, so that upon one reach he would be almost running free, whil. at the next it would be necessary to make painfully short tacks from shore to shore. The wind seemed to be shifting farther into the south. The weather was warm, almost warm enough to rain; the ice was growing soft, and here and there great pools of shallow water stood upon the surface.

The boat required such careful handling by reason of the furious and gusty wind that Leonard had no attention to spare upon the landmarks, and he found himself rounding the next to the last curve before he expected it. Here he was brought up sharply. The river bent away to the south, and the Icicle was shot directly into the eye of the wind as she swung round the elbow. The jib flapped wildly; the boat quickly lost way, stopped, and began to slide hopelessly to leeward.

It was apparent that the wind had shifted considerably even since he had set out. But Incherly was not more than a mile farther. Leonard had skates in a box at the stern, and he knew that he could borrow a large hand-sled to bring back the sacks to this point. So he ran the now useless ice-boat up on the land, put on the skates and struck off.

The gale was like a wall. It was all but impossible to make headway against it, and the violent exertion seemed to rend the heart inside the boy's ribs. Still he struggled on with short, scraping strokes, breathless and bent almost double, till at a slight bend in the river he saw the lights of the village in the early dusk, only half a mile ahead.

Here he stopped to rest. He could see the dam just above the village; he could hear the rush of the water over it, and near by he perceived a dozen dark figures moving against the snow. These retreated to a distance. There was a sudden bright flash, and a moment later a stunning report came down the wind.

For an instant he was startled, and then recognized what it must mean. They were breaking up the ice above the dam with dynamite, as was often done when the spring thaws threatened to be sudden and sharp, lest the pressure of the water and packed ice should carry away the wooden gates. The Incherly dam was old and weakened, and as the water had been unusually high when it froze, the owners of the mill were more than usually anxious.

Again the black figures were busied about the dam. Presently there was a second flash and report, and three seconds later the gathering twilight was illumined by the blaze of a terrific explosion. One end of the dam seemed to collapse, letting through an avalanche of dark water, and as it poured over the river-bed a thundering "boom!" came, blown down the wind like a solid missile.

It transpired afterward that the box of dynamite cartridges had been left carelessly upon the embankment near the dam, and they had been exploded either by the concussion or by the falling of a lump of ice. No one was hurt; but the already strained dam was shaken beyond its strength, and at the first yielding the whole structure dissolved and the great pond began to pour through the crevasse, filling the bed of the river, breaking up the ice, and far overflowing the banks.

Leonard scrambled to reach the shore. The Icicle would be lost, but there was no help. Then suddenly the appalling fact flashed upon him that this tremendous rush of water would infallibly carry away their own dam at Grafton!

It was a new dam and had cost more than they could well spare. Where the money would come from to build another he did not know, and the mill, besides, would be paralyzed for months in the busiest season. But if it were only possible to reach the place in time to open the gates, there was a chance that the force of the flood would be carried off harmlessly. There was, perhaps, a possibility. Leonard had not yet reached the shore, and he wheeled about almost instinctively and darted downstream with the wind at his back.

The gale seemed to moderate suddenly. Almost without an effort he was driven ahead at a speed that took away his breath. He saw the Icicle drawing nearer; he was all but upon her, and he dug his heels into the ice and then sprawled headlong over the stern, receiving a dozen bruises that at the moment he did not feel.

The shock drove the boat partly out upon the ice, and Leonard scrambled aboard, giving a long shove to start her. The reefed mainsail filled instantly, with the wind dead aft, and the Icicle went off with a bound.

Leonard nervously pulled out all the reef-knots. Every square inch of sail would b erequired, although he feared for his rigging. The pursuing flood was still out of sight round the last curve, as a rapid glance over his shoulder told him, but a dull, tumultous roar sounded in the distance. Then every nerve and muscle was strained upon the business in hand.

The Icicle went down the straight reach of the river like a shot from a gun, the tugging sheet almost dislocating Leonard's left wrist, while with his right hand he leaned hard on the tiller.

Round the sharp curve he rasped, with shavings of ice flying from the rudder blade, and as the wind fell savagely upon her beam the windward arm of the craft swung clear of the ice, and she heeled as if she would capsize. But the speed did not lessen; it rather increased, as the boat flew along balanced on one skate and the rudder shoe.

Leonard shifted his position, but his weight was insufficient to ballast her. He had all he could do to hold on, and as he went round the next curve with a wrench that threatened to tear the rudder from its bolts, he was within a hair's breadth of being flung violently upon the ice.

The boat returned to an even keel on the next reach as the wind fell more astern. The river entered a bit of woodland, and the roar of the tossing branches drowned any noise from the waters behind. Twilight was gathering quickly; the trees flashed past in a blur of brown, and again Leonard threw his weight on the tiller, and with a shivering lurch the Icicle reeled round another curve.

Again the windward runner swung a couple of feet in air as the boat heeled to the gale. Her navigator was half-dazed by the speed. The craft was all but beyond his control; he could neither stop nor turn very much aside; he could only cling desperately to tiller-handle and sheet, and try to avoid a collision with stumps or tree trunks in the ice, which would probably break his neck immediately, and would certainly drown him two minutes afterward. The rapidity of the motion snatched the breath from his lips.

More than three-fourths of the distance was already traversed; another half-mile, and he would be upon the pond. The wind held strong, the sails swelled rigid as steel, and the sheet twisted round Leonard's wrist was cutting into the skin. He cleared the last bit of woodland, left the roar of the threshing tree-tops behind him, and the Icicle shot out upon the clear ice of the long pond.

Beside the imperiled dam, a mile ahead, he saw the tall mill, blazing with lights from basement to roof. Down the pond he flew through the dusk; the distance lessened, the mill seemed to approach with marvelous rapidity, and Leonard began to wonder how he would stop. To run upon the shore while moving at that speed would result in a shock like a railway collision.

There was no time to reflect. He was already within a quarter of a mile of the embankment, and he let go the sheet, pulled out his pocket-knife, and slashed furiously at the rigging. The strained cordage gave at a touch of the knife edge, the mast went over the bows with its sail, and the Icicle, a mass of wreckage, slid forward and smashed into the land just above the mill.

Three or four men had come out from the basement door to watch his breakneck approach, and Leonard recognized his father among them. He scrambled to his feet in the snow and rushed toward them.

"Incherly dam's burst! Lift the gates!" he yelled.

There was a moment of amazed inaction, and then a rush toward the dam. "Not time!" shouted MacArthur, turning back into the basement and reappearing with three axes that were kept there. "Cut them away!"

The flood was not yet in sight. The Icicle had far outstripped it in that breathless race, and there were three axes handled by expert woodsmen plying on the four-inch pine timbers. One of them gave way, and the gate was whirled away by the pressure of water that began instantly to foam through the opening. The ice cracked and sank, and then far up the pond a dark, rapid moving shadow appeared through the twilight.

"Here it comes! Get off the dam!" MacArthur shouted; but his voice was drowned by the mingled roar from the broken gate, the wind, the approaching flood, and the thunder of the working mill.

The rest of the men had seen it, however, and there was a scurry toward safe ground. A few seconds later the flood struck the dam in a vast white-topped billow that poured in a cataract over the timbering and completely hid it from sight.

The weakened gates went like chips at the first shock, but the main structure seemed to stand. Would it hold? They watched it in tense anxiety, although nothing was visible but a great green waterfall. But after five or six long minutes the rush of water abated a little, and the piers emerged again, apparently uninjured. The flood still ran furious and deep; but since the dam had endured the first strain, it was almost certain that it would stand the steady pressure.

"It'll hold!" said the owner, with a sigh of relief. It was not warm, but he mopped his face with his handkerchief.

The dam was saved, but the mill would have to be shut down until the gates could be replaced. Leonard thought of this with regret as he glanced at his father.

"I guess we sha'n't need those sacks after all," he said.—Youth's Companion.

TWO VOTES.

From a Speech at Norwich by Former Governor George P. McLean, of Connecticut.

The first time I ran for the General Assembly one of the prominent citizens of my community told me that he was going to vote against me because when I was a shaver I threw a rotten apple at his horse. Another prominent citizen told me that he was going to vote for me because when I was a shaver I put a rotten egg in a buggy cushion belonging to the woman he worked for and he had never liked the woman. Think of it! And yet such stuff has thrown the scales where thrones have been the stake.

SCIENTIFIC & INDUSTRIAL

Electricity has supplanted gas for car lighting in nearly all the State railways of Italy, Switzerland and Denmark.

An incandescent lamp in its green shade will, when turned upward toward the ceiling, spread a soft and pleasantly diffused light, plenty strong enough for a room where no one is reading. When the lamp is so used no shadows are cast.

A portable transformer drying apparatus has been devised to dry out transformers that have become moist during shipment or storage. The apparatus consists of a furnace adapted to burn wood or charcoal. A current of air heated by the furnace is forced through the transformer by means of a blower driven by a small motor. The air, before reaching the blower, is filtered through several thicknesses of cheesecloth.—Scientific American.

The telephones used on steamships are quite interesting. The induction coil, condenser, and bell of the instrument are inclosed in a small white enamel box, and the switch hook which projects from one side is provided with a special retaining device to prevent the receiver from being knocked off by the motion of the ship. The receiver is allowed to rock on the hook, otherwise the lever would lift and make a false connection when the ship was pitching and rolling.—Scientific American.

In the operation of the trains through the Sinclair Tunnel the showing has been very marked in favor of electricity. It has been found that electric locomotives were capable of hauling 1000-ton trains, as against 700-ton trains hauled by the steam locomotives. The 27.3 car trains, which was the average size of the trains hauled by the electric motors, required ten minutes to pass through the electric zone. The average size of the steam trains was 19.7 cars, and it took the steam locomotives fifteen minutes to haul them over the same distance. The steam locomotives burned per month $5000 worth of coal, costing $6 per ton; the electric service, burning soft coal costing $2 per ton, required only $1150 for fuel for the same period.

One On the Judge.

A newly qualified justice in one of the small towns of Tennessee was trying one of his first criminal cases. The accused was an old darky who was charged with robbing a hencoop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted.

"Well, Tom," began the judge, "I see you're in trouble again?"

"Yes, sah," replied the darky, "the last time, judge, you was mah lawyer."

"Where is your lawyer this time?" asked the judge.

"I ain't got no lawyer this time," answered Tom. "I'm goin' to tell the truth."—Baltimore American.

Decadent Days in Missouri.

You can wear any kind of clothes you please except a monocle in these hills now and still pass as a real man. You know there was a time when you would be branded a tenderfoot if you let it be known that you wore socks or underwear. We don't have to make the qualified statement that we believe the race is dying out. These facts prove it.—Lanar (Mo.) Democrat.

New Light on Kansas.

In Kansas trees of the same varieties are rushed to maturity long before they get their growth in the East. They bear liberally at an age which would mean nothing in the way of a crop in cooler and more sober regions. Then decay comes with astonishing rapidity.—Cleveland Leader.

Iowa has 1629 banks, or one for every 1380 inhabitants. Kansas is next with one bank for every 1500 people.

There are in Alsace-Lorraine thirty-five champagne factories. Of these Metz has fifteen.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE PERFUMED KNIGHT.

I wear no suit of armor;
  No sword or spear I bear.
I've but a little scent bag;
  It says to all: "Beware!"

My coat is one of the handsomest to be seen in the forest—black, decked out with a great white collar. My tail is large and showy. I wander through the woods by day or night, whenever I please, though a moonlight night is always my choice for a stroll. By starlight or in bright sunshine I raid the farmer's poultry house, and if he approaches with club or stone I have only to loosen the

draw string of my scent bag, let out a tiny whiff of perfume, and he turns and flees for his life. Ha! Ha! Ha! In triumph I bear off to my wife and my babes his plumpest goose, or his sleekest pullet. If my home is far from any farm I keep my table supplied with partridges, pheasants and other wild fowl. When I walk abroad I always have the path to myself. There is no forest dweller who cares or dares to dispute it with me. If one sees me afar he says to himself, "The Perfumed Knight," and hastily retreats. Can you guess my name?—Tribune.

THE SMARTEST CAT.

I want to write and tell you about my cat. His name is Smut and he is the smartest cat I ever saw. I can dress him up in my cast-off baby clothes and put him in the baby carriage and wheel him all around, and then I can lay him down on a sofa cushion and go away and leave him on it, and he will not get off the cushion till I come back. He will also play hide and seek with me.—Bethel Bailey, in the New York Tribune.

SPARROWS.

I have no dog or cat, neither have I a canary, but I would like to write a few lines about some sparrows that come to our kitchen window to be fed every morning. They are fine, little healthy birds and are so used to our feeding them that they have become quite tame and always seem to act as if they were entitled to their morning meal. One morning this winter a flock of large storm birds came on our lawn, and the sparrows, thinking, no doubt, that they were intruders, acted as if they were very much offended. I think if the boys who try to shoot the little sparrows could see these birds coming each morning for their little breakfast they would not be inclined to molest them. For my part, I shall always try to protect even the sparrows.—Claire Courteney, in the New York Tribune.

SQUEALY AND CURLY-TAIL.

I am going to tell you about two very funny pets, Squealy and Curly-Tail. Squealy is a little black and white pig and Curly-Tail is all white. I know some of my little Tribune friends would think Squealy and Curly-Tail very queer pets, but if you once saw them I am sure you would like them.

One day my uncle, who owns a big farm, went down to the market to buy duck eggs. As he was looking around he saw a crate with two little pigs in it. They were so tiny and cute that he bought them and took them home to my cousin, who fell in love with them at first sight.

Squealy used to follow my cousin wherever she went, and when she got tired she would stop and squeal as loud as she could. This is how she got her name. Curly-Tail got his name from the funny shape of his tail, which curls right over his back. —Florence Fouchaux, in the New York Tribune.

DEWEY AND BEAUTY.

These are the names of the two dogs which I am going to tell you about. Dewey is the stronger and more capable dog. He is a shepherd dog with rough brown hair on his body. Beauty is also a shepherd dog, but has longer hair than Dewey and nearly a white head. There is also a white stripe down her back and at the tip of her tail. In summer Dewey drives the cows from the pasture, while Beauty stays at home playing with the smaller children. When we played football we nearly always had Dewey and Beauty play also, Dewey on one side and Beauty on the other. When one of the boys received the ball he would give it to the dog on his side and the dog would grab the way we wanted him to go, because one of the boys would run ahead and call his name. The dogs could stop each other quite easily, but the boys could not stop the dogs. If the dogs wanted to stop the boys they would run ahead and trip them. Sometimes accidents would happen, but never a serious one.—Thomas Capek, in the New York Tribune.

THE DONKEY AND HIS SHADOW.

Chinn once hired a donkey from Meetu to carry a burden. As they left the city and were crossing a stretch of sand the sun blazed down on them with burning heat and Chinn crept under the donkey to be in the shade. Meetu tried to thrust Chinn from under, claiming the shade as his, because he owned the donkey, while Chinn declared that he had hired the shade when he hired the donkey. Thus they argued and struggled, striking and pushing, each striving to get under the donkey. At last that patient beast, taking fright, started off, burden and all, and with swift-flying heels ran over the burning desert sands to the distant wilderness, and was never seen again.

The shade being now gone, and the strugglers nearly overcome by the scorching heat, they limply sank to the ground and strained their eyes after their departed property—Meetu his donkey and Chinn his burden of goods.

Then this thought flashed into both their minds: We often strive after the shadow and lose the substance! —W. S. Nortenheim, in the Philadelphia Record.

WHICH ONE WAS KEPT?

There was two little kittens, a black
  and a gray,
And grandmamma said with a frown—
"It will never do to keep them both,
  The black one we'd better drown.

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
  "One kitten's enough to keep;
Now run to the nurse, for 'tis growing
  late,
And time you were fast asleep."

The morrow dawned, and rosy and
  sweet
Came little Bess from her nap;
The nurse said, "Go into mamma's
  room
And look in grandma's lap."

"Come here," said grandmamma,
  with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she
  sat;
"God has sent you two little sisters,
  Now, what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
  With their wee heads, yellow and
  brown,
And then to grandmamma soberly
  said,
  "Which one are you going to
  drown?"

—Lillian Street, in Ideal Home.

BOY INVENTORS' PROFITS.

Wireless telegraph and the conquest of the air have taken a firm hold on the youths of America, the hundreds of lads of tender years, but advanced ideas devoting their talents to the invention or construction of machines in both these lines.

While these devices are largely for pleasure, young America has proved his ability to turn inventive genius into utilitarian channels. One of the most remarkable inventions made by a boy is a device for signaling on elevated roads. It is in use on part of the Brooklyn "L" system, and is the work of Morris Schaeffer, fifteen years old, a public school boy. Morris was offered $18,000 for his patent, but on the advice of friends, refused it. The boy expects to be able to get $50,000 for the idea from the railroad company.

Of quite a different calibre is the machine invented by Donald H. Miller, a student at Columbia University. This, by the mere touching of keys, similar to those on a typewriter, translates Chinese into English. It can also be used to translate any other language. The contrivance resembles an adding machine.

From darkest India comes the record of the achievement of Claude Moore, the son of a poor coal miner. Young Moore, who is twenty years old, was reduced to the sum of two cents when he received word from the Patent Office that it had issued a patent on a corn husker. Thereupon Claude, who is a thrifty youth, sold his patent to the Harvester Trust for considerable real money.

A most ambitious piece of work has just been successfully finished by Francis Lee Herreshoff, the young nephew of the famous yacht designer. This is the construction of a high-power racing automobile, with which has been developed the tremendous speed of eighty miles an hour.

Herreshoff has also patented a device for subduing the glare of acetylene lamps. The mo[illegible] does away with the necess[illegible] extinguishing the lamps, fo[illegible]ens the glare, making it har[illegible] noticeable than a[illegible] Herreshoff